

DELL

NO. 25

104

the
CISCO KID
Comics

52
pages

**ALL
COMICS**

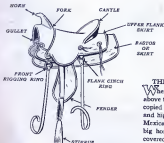


"HISTORY OF WESTERN SADDLES"

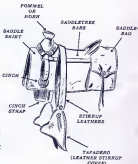


THE MEXICAN COWBOY SADDLE

The early Spaniards, with their herds of Spanish Longhorn cattle were forced, through necessity, to re-design a saddle that would adapt itself to the new art of roping cattle from horseback. Pictured here is a general adaptation of the early Spanish war saddle.



THE American and Mexican saddle of yesterday and today can trace its ancestry to the Spanish war saddle of the 16th century, when the Conquistadores conquered and colonized what is now Mexico.



THE AMERICAN COWBOY SADDLE

When the American pioneer settled in the land above the Rio Grande, (Texas), he watched and copied the ways of the Mexican vaqueros. Rough and highly individualistic, he soon modified the Mexican horse gear to his liking. He changed the big horn to a small one. The saddle tree he covered with a heavier cowhide, adding small upper skirts, or jockies, to the front and back tree bars. He added a flank cinch and so established the double rig.

The CISCO KID

and the RED DEUCE GANG













AS LEFTY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER ...



BY STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, CISCO
FLINGS LEFTY OFF...



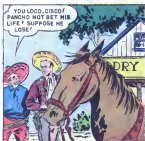


AND AS LEFTY CHARGES FORWARD...



CISCO LANDS A HARD RIGHT...









"MACRE NIA, THE SEÑORITA IS LOGO! HOW IN THE SAM HILL BLAZES PANCHO CAN GIVE CISCO A KISS?"



"A SILVER BRACELET! HOW LOVELY!"



"MIGHTY PRETTY, MA'AM!"

"I BEE YOUR PARDON, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE MET!"

"NO OFFENSE, MA'AM! I'M FRANK CRADDICK, ROD O' THE ROCKIN' - O, ONE O' THE BIGGEST CATTLE SPREADS IN PUEBLO COUNTY!"



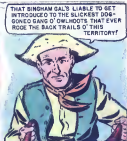
"I'M NANCY BINGHAM! PERHAPS YOU KNOW MY UNCLE, SHERIFF GARRITY?"

"SHORE DO, MA'AM! ONE O' MY GOOD FRIENDS! I RE-COLLECT THE TIME HIM AN' ME

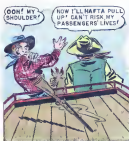


"I DON'T GO FOR LEAVES DROPPIN' JAKE!"

"I DON'T GO FOR BRAGGIN'! AN', SURE AS SHOOTIN' CRADDICK'S OFF ON A TALL TALK! HE'S ONE O' THE TALK-IN'EST HOMMES I KNOW!"













PANICKED,
THE STAGE
HORSES
SUDDENLY
BOLT



LOOKIT THEM CRITTERS
RUN, BOSS! AT THAT RATE,
THEY'LL BE IN PUEBLO
IN LESS N AN HOUR!

AN' IF I DON'T
BEAT 'EM IN,
THERE'LL BE THE
'OLD RED' TO PAY!

SO I'LL TAKE THE
SHORT CUT THROUGH
WOLF CANYON--

BUT, BOSS, WHAT
ABOUT DIVVYIN' UP
THE CASH?



I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THAT TONIGHT--AT
THE HIDE-OUT!



GOTTA STOP...
HORSES...GETTIN'
AWFUL DARK...



MEANTIME



BUT JAKE DOES NOT QUITE MAKE IT...

AND THE STAGE ROCKETS ON WITH
ITS GRIM GARGO...



LOOK, TIM? ISN'T THAT
THE STAGE COMING?

IT SURE IS! AND
THE WAY HUTCH IS
PUSHING THOSE
HORSES --

UNTIL
AT
LAST



TIM? THERE'S NO DRIVER!
SOMETHING'S WRONG!

I'LL SAY IT IS!
THOSE CRITTERS
ARE RUNNING WILD!



TIM? DON'T!
THEY'LL TRAMPLE
YOU!



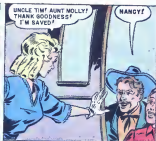
IT'S HUTCH
AND JAKE--

THEY'VE BEEN
SHOT!



WHOA THERE...
STEADY NOW...

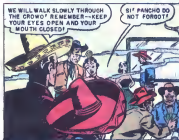






















DO YOU NOT SEE, SHERIFF? SOMEONE
PUT THOSE THINGS IN OUR SADDLE-
BAGS TO THROW SUSPICION ON US!
SANTO--! WHAT IS THAT?



STRING
'EM UP!

THE
LOW-DOWN
KILLERS!

A LYNCH
MOOD! I'VE
GOTTA GET
OUT THERE
FAST!



PANCHO NOT WANT
THE ROPE AROUND
HIS NECK, CISCO!
WHAT WE DO?

WAIT UNTIL THEY TAKE
US FROM THIS CELL--
AND THEN TRY TO FIGHT
OUR WAY TO FREEDOM!



SANTO!
WITH NO
GUNS? NO
HORSES?

IT IS BETTER TO DIE FROM
A BULLET THAN FROM ROPE
GROUP, AMIGO? I-- LISTEN!
SOMEONE COMES!



SHERIFF?
WHAT--

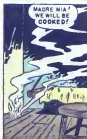
THE MOB'S COMING, CISCO! I
GASSN'T LET YOU BIRDS OUT TO
HELP ME STOP IT! AH! I CAN'T
HOLD IT OFF ALONE...



BUT MAYBE I CAN
BLUFF IT INTO BACK-
ING DOWN! HERE'S
YOUR GUNS!
YOU'RE ON YOUR
HONOR NOT TO
USE 'EM UNLESS
YOU HAPTA!

GRACIAS, SEÑOR!
YOU WILL NOT
REGRET THIS!









THE CISCO KID IN THE OUTLAWS OF BIG DRUM RIDGE

CISCO! PANCHO IS HUNGRY! HOW FAR WE ARE FROM SOMEPLACE WHERE PANCHO CAN EAT?

ABOUT TWENTY MILES! THAT IS BIG DRUM RIDGE IN THE DISTANCE! WE SHOULD FIND FOOD THERE!

THIS AFTERNOON FINDS THE CISCO KID AND PANCHO IN THE Pecos River Country...

BERRIES AND WILD GAME, HUNT! FOOD! PANCHO IS TIRED OF PICKING AND SHOOTING HIS MEALS!

SO AM I! BUT THERE WAS A GOLD STRIKE ON BIG DRUM A FEW MONTHS AGO

AND THE TOWN OF WESTOVER HAS SPRUNG UP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE. SO--

AHA! THEN PANCHO HAVE THE FRIJOLAS, THE TORTILLAS--HURRY, CISCO! PANCHO SMELL THEM ALREADY!

THIS HERE'S A ROUGH, LONESOME TRAIL, MATT! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OFFA BIG DRUM!

SAME HERE! BUT IF WE DON'T GET THIS LOAD O' BULLION THROUGH TO THE MINT, THE GOLDHILL OUT-FIT'S LIABE TO BE SHUTTIN' DOWN!

TOM WILEY CAN'T KEEP LOSIN' CAR- GOES TO ROAD AGENTS AN' STAY IN BUSINESS!

I DON'T SAVVY WHY IT'S ALWAYS OUR BULLION THAT GETS STOLEN! THE GOLDHILL AIN'T LOST--

AS CISCO AND PANCHO ARE DUSTING IT FOR THE RIDGE...





DISCO, LOOK! A
STAGECOACH!

AND A SEÑOR LYING ON THE GROUND!
THIS EXPLAINS THOSE GUNSHOTS
WE HEARD!



PANCHO SEE THE
HOMBRES WHO
MAYBE MAKE THE
GUNSHOTS!

SO DO I! BUT THEY ARE
TOO FAR AWAY FOR US TO
HIT-- OR TO OVERTAKE...



AND
THIS POOR
HOMBRE

SANTO! ANOTHER
HOMBRE! UP ON
THE SEAT! PANCHO
THINK THEY ARE
BOTH DEAD!



I WILL LOOK
AT THE DRIVER!
YOU SEE TO
THAT HOMBRE!

PANCHO LOOK AND
HE SEE ONLY DEATH!



THIS HOMBRE IS
STILL ALIVE! BRING
CLOTH FROM MY
SADDLEBAG, AND
THE WATER BAG!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WH-WHERE AM I?... OH, THE BANDITS! DID THEY-- IS MATT--?



HE IS DEAD, SENOR! BUT YOU WILL BE ALL RIGHT-- IF YOU TAKE IT EASY!

BUT I'VE GOT TO MY HEAD! IT'S WHIRLIN'!

YOU HAVE LOST MUCH BLOOD, SENOR! YOU MUST REST!



THE BULLION-- IN THE STAGE?

PANCHO SEE NOTHING INSIDE BUT THE SEATS, SENOR!



BLASTED ORNERY... SICEWINGERS

HELP ME, PANCHO! HE IS FALLING!



HE IS DEAD, CISCO?

NO! ONLY FAINTED! WE MUST GET HIM TO TOWN, FRONTO!



YOU RIDE INSIDE WITH HIM, PANCHO! I WILL DRIVE! DIABLO AND LOCO WILL FOLLOW US!





LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WESTOVER...





BUENOS DIAS, SEÑOR!
WHAT A BIG MILL!
MINING GOLD MUST
BE VERY PROFITABLE!

WE AIN'T IN BUSINESS FOR OUR
HEALTH! AN' WE AIN'T BUYIN'
NO ORE, NOR HIRIN' NOBODY!
SO KEEP MOVIN'!

BUT, SEÑOR, I WAS
TOLD YOU NEEDED
MEN!

SOMEBODY
WAS STRINGIN'
YOU!

LATER

THAT IS BAD NEWS!
BUT PERHAPS AT THE
GOLD HILL—

NO GOOD TO LOOK
FOR A JOB THERE!
WILEY'S BEEN LOSIN'
HIS GOLD TO OUTLAWS
AS FAST AS HE CAN
MINE AN' STAMP IT!
SEEN ROBBED FOUR
TIMES, INCLUDIN'
TODAY'S JOB!

THAT IS MORE BAD NEWS!
BUT IT WILL NOT HURT
TO ASK SEÑOR WILEY!

THAT IS STRANGE! HOW COULD
THAT HOMBRE KNOW ABOUT TODAY'S
ROBBERY, UNLESS.... SANTO!
OF COURSE!
THAT MUST
BE IT!

MOVE, DIABLO! IF I AM TO
PROVE WHAT I THINK, WE
HAVE MANY MILES TO COVER
BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

















The American Cowboy's outfit and customs differed somewhat throughout the west, but essentially, it was the same.

Pictured here, he is dressed in everyday working clothes. The large leather chaps worn, protected his legs from sharp thorns and rough brush. Though soft and drawling of speech, he was a hard-working, tough, two-fisted man. The Colt .45 he usually wore, was a way of self-preservation and sometimes, justice. It is a known fact that this breed of man opened, settled and tamed the west for the people of today.

The Mexican vaquero or cowboy outfit, differed mainly in costume styles. His hat was usually higher crowned with a very wide brim. Also, instead of Levi dungarees, he wore tight fitting, ankle-long breeches. The Mexican cowboy was an excellent horseman and cattleman. Many of his ranching methods were adopted by pioneer Americans settling in Texas. As a man, he was extremely gallant, but quick to anger when wronged. Pictured here, he is in Fiesta or holiday garb. His bolero jacket usually was designed with intricate gold or silver cloth.



*Ride the trail of
adventure and romance
with the Cisco Kid and*

Pancho

